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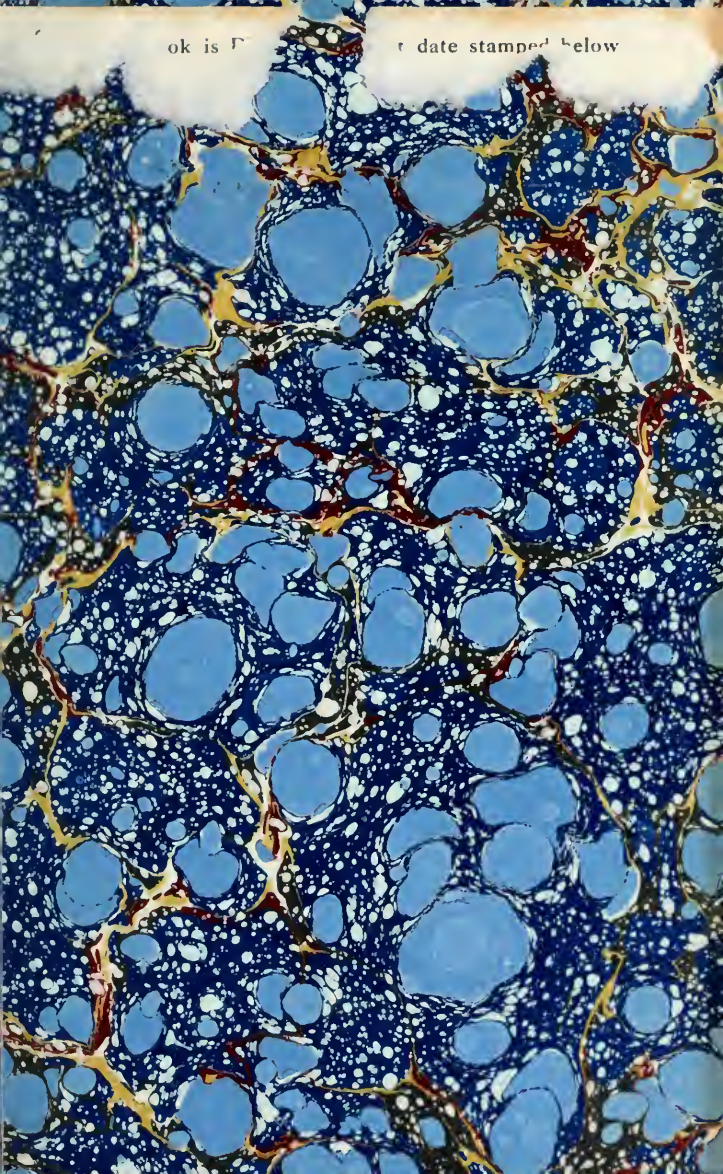
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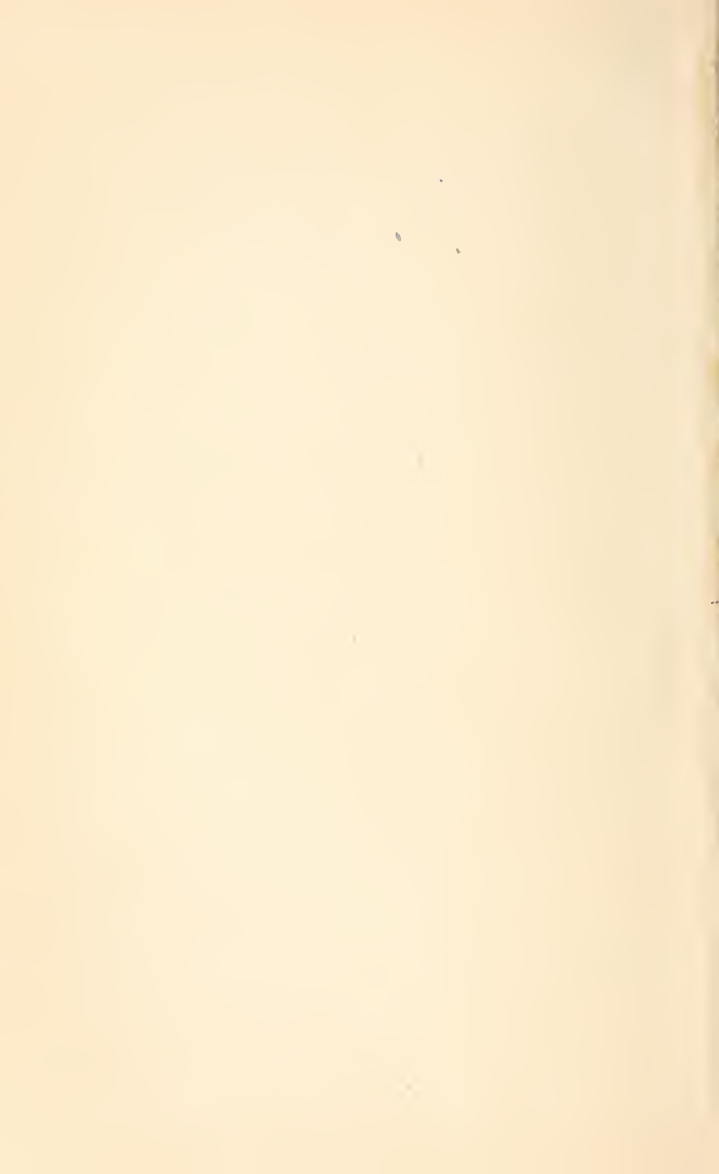




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ANDROMEDA

AND OTHER POEMS

BY

CHARLES KINGSLEY

RECTOR OF EVERSLEY



LONDON :

JOHN W. PARKER AND SON, WEST STRAND.

M DCCC LVIII.

[*The Author reserves the right of Translation.*]

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TO MY WIFE.



A GIFT FROM
J. ACKERMAN COLES, M. D., L. L. D.
IN MEMORY OF HIS SISTER
MRS EMILIE S. COLES

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
ANDROMEDA	1

SONGS, BALLADS, &c.

THE SANDS OF DEE	53
THE THREE FISHERS	55
THE TIDE ROCK	57
THE OUBIT	58
THE STARLINGS	60
OH, THOU HADST BEEN A WIFE FOR SHAKSPEARE'S SELF	61
A MARCH	62
AIRLY BEACON	63
A FAREWELL	64
ELEGIACS	65
DARTSIDE. 1849	67
A LAMENT	69

	PAGE
MARGARET TO DOLCINO	70
DOLCINO TO MARGARET	71
THE UGLY PRINCESS	72
THE BABY SINGS NOT ON ITS MOTHER'S BREAST .	74
THE LONGBEARD'S SAGA. A.D. 400	75
THE SWAN-NECK	84
IT WAS EARL HALDAN'S DAUGHTER	87
FRANK LEIGH'S SONG. A.D. 1586	90
THE LAST BUCCANIER	91
SAPPHO	95
ODE TO THE NORTH-EAST WIND	98
TO G * * *	102
SAINT MAURA. A.D. 304	104

POEMS CONNECTED WITH 1848-9.

THE NIGHT BIRD	119
THE WATCHMAN	121
THE WORLD'S AGE	122
THE DEAD CHURCH	124
A CHRISTMAS CAROL	125
A PARABLE FROM LIEBIG	127
MY HUNTING SONG	128
ALTON LOCKE'S SONG, 1848	129

CONTENTS.

vii

PAGE

THE BAD SQUIRE	131
ON THE DEATH OF A CERTAIN JOURNAL	137
A THOUGHT FROM THE RHINE	139
THE DAY OF THE LORD	141

EARLY POEMS.

IN AN ILLUMINATED MISSAL	145
THE WEIRD LADY	146
PALINODIA. 1841	150
A HOPE	153
A NEW FOREST BALLAD	154
THE RED KING	158
THE OUTLAW	163
SING HEIGH-HO	168



ANDROMEDA.

OVER the sea, past Crete, on the Syrian shore to
the southward,
Dwells in the well-tilled lowland a dark-haired Æthiop
people,
Skilful with needle and loom, and the arts of the dyer
and carver,
Skilful, but feeble of heart ; for they know not the lords
of Olympus,
Lovers of men ; neither broad-browed Zeus, nor Pallas
Athené,
Teacher of wisdom to heroes, bestower of might in the
battle ;
Share not the cunning of Hermes, nor list to the songs
of Apollo.

Fearing the stars of the sky, and the roll of the blue
salt water,

Fearing all things that have life in the womb of the seas
and the rivers,

Eating no fish to this day, nor ploughing the main, like
the Phœnics, 10

Manful with black-beaked ships, they abide in a sor-
rowful region,

Vexed with the earthquake, and flame, and the sea-
floods, scourge of Poseidon.

Whelming the dwellings of men, and the toils of the
slow-footed oxen,

Drowning the barley and flax, and the hard-earned gold
of the harvest,

Up to the hillside vines, and the pastures skirting the
woodland,

Inland the floods came yearly ; and after the waters a
monster,

Bred of the slime, like the worms which are bred from
the muds of the Nile-bank,

Shapeless, a terror to see ; and by night it swam out to
the seaward,

Daily returning to feed with the dawn, and devoured of
the fairest,

Cattle, and children, and maids, till the terrified people
fled inland. 20

Fasting in sackcloth and ashes they came, both the
king and his people,

Came to the mountain of oaks, to the house of the ter-
rible sea-gods,

Hard by the gulf in the rocks, where of old the world-
wide deluge

Sank to the inner abyss ; and the lake where the fish of
the goddess

Holy, undying, abide ; whom the priests feed daily with
dainties.

There to the mystical fish, high-throned in her chamber
of cedar,

Burnt they the fat of the flock ; till the flame shone far
to the seaward.

Three days fasting they prayed : but the fourth day the
priests of the goddess

Cunning in spells, cast lots, to discover the crime of the
people.

All day long they cast, till the house of the monarch
was taken, 30

Cepheus, king of the land ; and the faces of all gathered
blackness.

Then once more they cast ; and Cassiopœia was
taken,

Deep-bosomed wife of the king, whom oft far-seeing
Apollo

Watched well-pleased from the welkin, the fairest of
Æthiop women :

Fairest, save only her daughter ; for down to the ankle
her tresses

Rolled, blue-black as the night, ambrosial, joy to be-
holders.

Awful and fair she arose, most like in her coming to
Hebe,

Queen before whom the Immortals arise, as she comes
on Olympus,

Out of the chamber of gold, which her son Hephæstos
has wrought her.

Such in her stature and eyes, and the broad white light
of her forehead 40

Stately she came from her place, and she spoke in the
midst of the people.

‘Pure are my hands from blood : most pure this heart
in my bosom.

Yet one fault I remember this day ; one word have I
spoken ;

Rashly I spoke on the shore, and I dread lest the sea
should have heard it.

Watching my child at her bath, as she plunged in the
joy of her girlhood,

Fairer I called her in pride than Atergati, queen of the
ocean.

Judge ye if this be my sin, for I know none other.’
She ended ;

Wrapping her head in her mantle she stood, and the
people were silent.

Answered the dark-browed priests, 'No word, once
spoken, returneth,
Even if uttered unwitting. Shall gods excuse our
rashness ?

50

That which is done, that abides ; and the wrath of the
sea is against us ;

Hers, and the wrath of her brother, the Sun-god, lord of
the sheepfolds.

Fairer than her hast thou boasted thy daughter ? Ah
folly ! for hateful,

Hateful are they to the gods, whoso, impious, liken a
mortal,

Fair though he be, to their glory ; and hateful is that
which is likened,

Grieving the eyes of their pride, and abominate, doomed
to their anger.

What shall be likened to gods ? The unknown, who
deep in the darkness

Ever abide, twyformed, many-handed, terrible, shapeless.

Woe to the queen ; for the land is defiled, and the people accursed.

Take thou her therefore by night, thou ill-starred Cassiopœia, 60

Take her with us in the night, when the moon sinks low to the westward ;

Bind her aloft for a victim, a prey for the gorge of the monster,

Far on the sea-girt rock, which is washed by the surges for ever ;

So may the goddess accept her, and so may the land make atonement,

Purged by her blood from its sin : so obey thou the doom of the rulers.'

Bitter in soul they went out, Cepheus and Cassiopœia,
Bitter in soul ; and their hearts whirled round, as the leaves in the eddy.

Weak was the queen, and rebelled : but the king, like a shepherd of people,

Willed not the land should waste ; so he yielded the
life of his daughter.

Deep in the wane of the night, as the moon sank low
to the westward, 70

They by the shade of the cliffs, with the horror of dark-
ness around them,

Stole, as ashamed, to a deed which became not the light
of the sunshine,

Slowly, the priests, and the queen, and the virgin bound
in the galley.

Slowly they rowed to the rocks : but Cepheus far in the
palace

Sate in the midst of the hall, on his throne, like a shep-
herd of people,

Choking his woe, dry-eyed, while the slaves wailed
loudly around him.

They on the sea-girt rock, which is washed by the surges
for ever,

Set her in silence, the guiltless, aloft with her face to
the eastward.

Under a crag of the stone, where a ledge sloped down
to the water ;

There they set Andromeden, most beautiful, shaped like
a goddess, 80

Lifting her long white arms wide-spread to the walls of
the basalt,

Chaining them, ruthless, with brass ; and they called on
the might of the Rulers.

‘ Mystical fish of the seas, dread Queen whom Æthiops
honour,

Whelming the land in thy wrath, unavoidable, sharp as
the sting-ray,

Thou, and thy brother the Sun, brain-smiting, lord of the
sheepfold,

Scorching the earth all day, and then resting at night in
thy bosom,

Take ye this one life for many, appeased by the blood
of a maiden,

Fairest, and born of the fairest, a queen, most priceless
of victims.’

Thrice they spat as they went by the maid : but her
mother delaying
Fondled her child to the last, heart-crushed ; and the
warmth of her weeping 90
Fell on the breast of the maid, as her woe broke forth
into wailing.

‘ Daughter ! my daughter ! forgive me ! O curse not
the murderess ! Curse not !
How have I sinned, but in love ? Do the gods grudge
glory to mothers ?
Loving I bore thee in vain in the fate-cursed bride-bed
of Cepheus,
Loving I fed thee and tended, and loving rejoiced in
thy beauty,
Blessing thy limbs as I bathed them, and blessing thy
locks as I combed them ;
Decking thee, ripening to woman, I blest thee : yet
blessing I slew thee !
How have I sinned, but in love ? O swear to me, swear
to thy mother,

Never to haunt me with curse, as I go to the grave in
my sorrow,

Childless and lone : may the gods never send me another,
to slay it !

100

See, I embrace thy knees—soft knees, where no babe
will be fondled—

Swear to me never to curse me, the hapless one, not in
the death pang.’

Weeping she clung to the knees of the maid ; and the
maid low answered—

‘Curse thee ! Not in the death-pang !’ The heart of
the lady was lightened.

Slowly she went by the ledge ; and the maid was alone
in the darkness.

Watching the pulse of the oars die down, as her own
died with them,

Tearless, dumb with amaze she stood, as a storm-stunned
nestling

Fallen from bough or from eave lies dumb, which the
home-going herdsman

Fancies a stone, till he catches the light of its terrified
eyeball.

So through the long long hours the maid stood helpless
and hopeless,

110

Wide-eyed, downward gazing in vain at the black blank
darkness.

Feebly at last she began, while wild thoughts bubbled
within her—

‘Guiltless I am : why thus then ? Are gods more
ruthless than mortals ?

Have they no mercy for youth ? no love for the souls
who have loved them ?

Even as I loved thee, dread sea, as I played by thy
margin,

Blessing thy wave as it cooled me, thy wind as it breathed
on my forehead,

Bowing my head to thy tempest, and opening my heart
to thy children,

Silvery fish, wreathed shell, and the strange lithe things
of the water,

Tenderly casting them back, as they gasped on the
beach in the sunshine,

Home to their mother—in vain ! for mine sits childless
in anguish !

120

Oh dread sea ! false sea ! I dreamed what I dreamed of
thy goodness ;

Dreamed of a smile in thy gleam, of a laugh in the
plash of thy ripple :

False and devouring thou art, and the great world dark
and spiteful.'

Awed by her own rash words she was still : and her
eyes to the seaward

Looked for an answer of wrath : far off, in the heart of
the darkness,

Bright white mists rose slowly ; beneath them' the
wandering ocean

Glimmered and glowed to the deepest abyss ; and the
knees of the maiden

Trembled and sank in her fear, as afar, like a dawn in
the midnight,

Rose from their seaweed chamber the choir of the
mystical sea-maids.

Onward toward her they came, and her heart beat loud
at their coming, 130

Watching the bliss of the gods, as they wakened the
cliffs with their laughter.

Onward they came in their joy, and before them the
roll of the surges

Sank, as the breeze sank dead, into smooth green foam-
flecked marble,

Awed ; and the crags of the cliff, and the pines of the
mountain were silent.

Onward they came in their joy, and around them the
lamps of the sea nymphs,

Myriad fiery globes, swam panting and heaving ; and
rainbows

Crimson and azure and emerald, were broken in star-
showers, lighting

Far through the wine-dark depths of the crystal, the
gardens of Nereus,

Coral and sea-fan and tangle, the blooms and the
palms of the ocean.

Onward they came in their joy, more white than the
foam which they scattered, 140

Laughing and singing, and tossing and twining,
while eager, the Tritons

Blinded with kisses their eyes, unproved, and above
them in worship

Hovered the terns, and the seagulls swept past them on
silvery pinions

Echoing softly their laughter ; around them the wan-
toning dolphins

Sighed as they plunged, full of love ; and the great sea-
horses which bore them

Curved up their crests in their pride to the delicate
arms of the maidens,

Pawing the spray into gems, till a fiery rainfall, un-
harming,

Sparkled and gleamed on the limbs of the nymphs, and
the coils of the mermen.

Onward they went in their joy, bathed round with
the fiery coolness,
Needing nor sun nor moon, self-lighted, immortal : but
others, 150
Pitiful, floated in silence apart ; in their bosoms the
sea-boys,
Slain by the wrath of the seas, swept down by the anger
of Nereus ;
Hapless, whom never again on strand or on quay shall
their mothers
Welcome with garlands and vows to the temple, but
wearily pining
Gaze over island and bay for the sails of the sunken ;
they heedless
Sleep in soft bosoms for ever, and dream of the surge
and the sea-maids.
Onward they past in their joy ; on their brows neither
sorrow nor anger ;
Self-sufficing, as gods, never heeding the woe of the
maiden.

She would have shrieked for their mercy : but shame
made her dumb ; and their eyeballs

Stared on her careless and still, like the eyes in the
house of the idols. 160

Seeing they saw not, and passed, like a dream, on the
murmuring ripple.

Stunned by the wonder she gazed, wide-eyed, as the
glory departed.

‘ Oh fair shapes ! far fairer than I ! Too fair to be ruth-
less !

Gladden mine eyes once more with your splendour, un-
like to my fancies ;

You, then, smiled in the sea-gleam, and laughed in the
plash of the ripple.

Awful I deemed you and formless ; inhuman, monstrous
as idols ;

Lo, when ye came, ye were women, more loving and
lovelier, only ;

Like in all else ; and I blest you : why blest ye not me
for my worship ?

Had you no mercy for me, the guiltless ? Ye pitied the
sea-boys,

Why not me, then, more hapless by far ? Does your
sight and your knowledge

170

End with the marge of the waves ? Is the world which
ye dwell in not our world ?

Over the mountain aloft ran a rush and a roll and a
roaring ;

Downward the breeze came indignant, and leapt with a
howl to the water,

Roaring in cranny and crag, till the pillars and clefts
of the basalt

Rang like a god-swept lyre, and her brain grew mad
with the noises ;

Crashing and lapping of waters, and sighing and tossing
of weed-beds,

Gurgle and whisper and hiss of the foam, while thun-
dering surges

Boomed in the wave-worn halls, as they champed at the
roots of the mountain.

Hour after hour in the darkness the wind rushed fierce
to the landward,

Drenching the maiden with spray ; she shivering, weary
and drooping, 180

Stood with her heart full of thoughts, till the foam-
crests gleamed in the twilight,

Leaping and laughing around, and the east grew red
with the dawning.

Then on the ridge of the hills rose the broad bright
sun in his glory,

Hurling his arrows abroad on the glittering crests of
the surges,

Gilding the soft round bosoms of wood, and the downs
of the coastland,

Gilding the weeds at her feet, and the foam-laced teeth
of the ledges,

Showing the maiden her home through the veil of her
locks, as they floated

Glistening, damp with the spray, in a long black cloud
to the landward.

High in the far-off glens rose thin blue curls from the
homesteads ;

Softly the low of the herds, and the pipe of the out-
going herdsman, 190

Slid to her ear on the water, and melted her heart into
weeping.

Shuddering, she tried to forget them ; and straining her
eyes to the seaward,

Watched for her doom, as she wailed, but in vain, to
the terrible Sun-god.

‘Dost thou not pity me, Sun, though thy wild dark
sister be ruthless,

Dost thou not pity me here, as thou seest me desolate,
weary,

Sickened with shame and despair, like a kid torn young
from its mother ?

What if my beauty insult thee, then blight it : but
me—Oh spare me !

Spare me yet, ere he be here, fierce, tearing, unbearable !
See me,

See me, how tender and soft, and thus helpless ! See
how I shudder,

Fancying only my doom. Wilt thou shine thus bright,
when it takes me ? 200

Are there no deaths save this, great Sun ? No fiery arrow,
Lightning, or deep-mouthed wave ? Why thus ? What
music in shrieking,

Pleasure in warm live limbs torn slowly ? And dar'st
thou behold them !

Oh, thou hast watched worse deeds ! All sights are
alike to thy brightness !

What if thou waken the birds to their song, dost thou
waken no sorrow ;

Waken no sick to their pain ; no captive to wrench at
his fetters ?

Smile on the garden and fold, and on maidens who
sing at the milking ;

Flash into tapestried chambers, and peep in the eyelids
of lovers,

Showing the blissful their bliss—Dost love, then, the
place where thou smilest ?

Lovest thou cities aflame, fierce blows, and the shrieks
of the widow ?

210

Lovest thou corpse-strewn fields, as thou lightest the path
of the vulture ?

Lovest thou these, that thou gazest so gay on my tears,
and my mother's,

Laughing alike at the horror of one, and the bliss of
another ?

What dost thou care, in thy sky, for the joys and sorrows
of mortals ?

Colder art thou than the nymphs : in thy broad bright
eye is no seeing.

Hadst thou a soul—as much soul as the slaves in the
house of my father,

Wouldst thou not save ? Poor thralls ! they pitied me,
clung to me weeping,

Kissing my hands and my feet—What are gods, more
ruthless than mortals ?

Worse than the souls which they rule ? Let me die :
they war not with ashes !

Sudden she ceased, with a shriek : in the spray, like

a hovering foam-bow, 220

Hung, more fair than the foam-bow, a boy in the bloom
of his manhood,

Golden-haired, ivory-limbed, ambrosial ; over his shoulder

Hung for a veil of his beauty the gold-fringed folds of
the goat-skin,

Bearing the brass of his shield, as the sun flashed clear
on its clearness.

Curved on his thigh lay a falchion ; and under the gleam
of his helmet

Eyes more blue than the main shone awful, around him
Athené

Shed in her love such grace, such state, and terrible
daring.

Hovering over the water he came, upon glittering pinions,
Living, a wonder, outgrown from the tight-laced gold of
his sandals ;

Bounding from billow to billow, and sweeping the crests
like a sea-gull ; 230

Leaping the gulfs of the surge, as he laughed in the joy
of his leaping.

Fair and majestic he sprang to the rock ; and the maiden
in wonder

Gazed for awhile, and then hid in the dark-rolling wave
of her tresses,

Fearful, the light of her eyes ; while the boy (for her
sorrow had awed him)

Blushed at her blushes, and vanished, like mist on the
cliffs at the sunrise.

Fearful at length she looked forth : he was gone :
she, wild with amazement,

Wailed for her mother aloud : but the wail of the wind
only answered.

Sudden he flashed into sight, by her side ; in his pity
and anger

Moist were his eyes ; and his breath like a rose-bed, as
bolder and bolder,

Hovering under her brows, like a swallow that haunts by
the house-eaves,

Delicate-handed, he lifted the veil of her hair ; while the
maiden

Motionless, frozen with fear, wept loud ; till his lips un-
closing

Poured from their pearl-strung portal the musical wave
of his wonder.

‘ Ah,’ well spoke she, the wise one, the grey-eyed
Pallas Athené,—

‘ Known to Immortals alone are the prizes which lie for
the heroes

Ready prepared at their feet ; for requiring a little, the
rulers

Pay back the loan tenfold to the man who, careless of
pleasure,

Thirsting for honour and toil, fares forth on a perilous
errand

Led by the guiding of gods, and strong in the strength
of Immortals.

Thus have they led me to thee : from afar, unknowing,
I marked thee,

Shining, a snow-white cross on the dark-green walls of
the sea-cliff ;

Carven in marble I deemed thee, a perfect work of the
craftsman.

Likeness of Amphitrité, or far-famed Queen Cythereia.

Curious I came, till I saw how thy tresses streamed in
the sea-wind,

Glistening, black as the night, and thy lips moved slow
in thy wailing.

Speak again now—Oh speak ! For my soul is stirred
to avenge thee ;

Tell me what barbarous horde, without law, unrighteous
and heartless,

Hateful to gods and to men, thus have bound thee, a
shame to the sunlight,

Scorn and prize to the sailor : but my prize now ; for a
coward,

Coward and shameless were he, who so finding a glorious
jewel

260

Cast on the wayside by fools, would not win it and keep
it and wear it,

Even as I will thee ; for I swear by the head of my father,
Bearing thee over the sea-wave, to wed thee in Argos
the fruitful,

Beautiful, meed of my toil no less than this head which
I carry,

Hidden here fearful—Oh speak !'

But the maid, still dumb with amazement,
Watered her bosom with weeping, and longed for her
home and her mother.

Beautiful, eager, he wooed her, and kissed off her
tears as he hovered,

Roving at will, as a bee, on the brows of a rock nymph-
haunted,

Garlanded over with vine, and acanthus, and clamber-
ing roses,

Cool in the fierce still noon, where streams glance clear
in the mossbeds,

270

Hums on from blossom to blossom, and mingles the
sweets as he tastes them.

Beautiful, eager, he kissed her, and clasped her yet
closer and closer,

Praying her still to speak—

‘Not cruel nor rough did my mother
Bear me to broad-browed Zeus in the depths of the
brass-covered dungeon ;

Neither in vain, as I think, have I talked with the
cunning of Hermes,

Face unto face, as a friend ; or from grey-eyed Pallas
Athené

Learnt what is fit, and respecting myself, to respect in
my dealings

Those whom the gods should love ; so fear not ; to
chaste espousals

Only I woo thee, and swear, that a queen, and alone
without rival

By me thou sittest in Argos of Hellas, throne of my
fathers,

280

Worshipped by fair-haired kings : why callest thou still
on thy mother ?

Why did she leave thee thus here ? For no foeman has
bound thee ; no foeman

Winning with strokes of the sword such a prize, would
so leave it behind him.'

Just as at first some colt, wild-eyed, with quivering
nostril,

Plunges in fear of the curb, and the fluttering robes of
the rider ;

Soon, grown bold by despair, submits to the will of his
master,

Tamer and tamer each hour, and at last, in the pride of
obedience,

Answers the heel with a curvet, and arches his neck to
be fondled,

Cowed by the need that maid grew tame ; while the
hero indignant

Tore at the fetters which held her : the brass, too
cunningly tempered, 290

Held to the rock by the nails, deep wedged ; till the
boy, red with anger,

Drew from his ivory thigh, keen flashing, a falchion of
diamond—

‘ Now let the work of the smith try strength with the
arms of Immortals !’

Dazzling it fell ; and the blade, as the vine-hook shears
off the vine-bough,

Carved through the strength of the brass, till her arms
fell soft on his shoulder.

Once she essayed to escape : but the ring of the water
was round her,

Round her the ring of his arms ; and despairing she
sank on his bosom.

Then, like a fawn when startled, she looked with a
shriek to the seaward.

‘ Touch me not, wretch that I am ! For accursed, a
shame and a hissing,

Guiltless, accurst no less, I await the revenge of the sea-
gods. 300

Yonder it comes ! Ah go ! Let me perish unseen, if I
perish !

Spare me the shame of thine eyes, when merciless fangs
must tear me

Piecemeal ! Enough to endure by myself in the light
of the sunshine

Guiltless, the death of a kid !'

But the boy still lin-

gered around her,

Loth, like a boy, to forego her, and wakened the cliffs
with his laughter.

' Yon is the foe, then ? A beast of the sea ? I had
deemed him immortal

Titan, or Proteus' self, or Nereus, foeman of sailors :

Yet would I fight with them all, but Poseidon, shaker
of mountains,

Uncle of mine, whom I fear, as is fit ; for he haunts on
Olympus,

Holding the third of the world ; and the gods all rise at
his coming.

310

Unto none else will I yield, god-helped : how then to
a monster

Child of the earth and of night, unreasoning, shapeless,
accursed ?'

‘Art thou, too, then a god?’

‘No god I,’ smiling he answered,

‘Mortal as thou, yet divine : but mortal the herds of the
ocean,

Equal to men in that only, and less in all else ; for they
nourish

Blindly the life of the lips, untaught by the gods, with-
out wisdom :

Shame if I fled before such !’

In her heart new life was enkindled,
Worship and trust, fair parents of love : but she
answered him sighing.

‘Beautiful, why wilt thou die ? Is the light of the
sun, then, so worthless,

Worthless to sport with thy fellows in flowery glades of
the forest,

320

Under the broad green oaks, where never again shall I
wander,

Tossing the ball with my maidens, or wreathing the
altar in garlands,

Careless, with dances and songs, till the glens rang loud
to our laughter.

Too full of death the great earth is already ; the halls
full of weepers,

Quarried by tombs all cliffs, and the bones gleam white
on the sea-floor

Numberless, gnawn by the herds who attend on the
pitiless sea-gods,

Even as mine will be soon : and yet noble it seems to
me, dying,

Giving my life for the many, to save to the arms of
their lovers

Maidens and youths for awhile : thee, fairest of all,
shall I slay thee ?

Add not thy bones to the many, thus angering idly the
dread ones !

330

Either the monster will crush, or the sea-queen's self
overwhelm thee,

Vengeful, in tempest and foam, and the thundering
walls of the surges.

Why wilt thou follow me down ? can we love in the
black blank darkness ?

Love in the realms of the dead, in the land where all is
forgotten ?

Why wilt thou follow me down ? is it joy, on the desolate
oozes,

Meagre to flit, grey ghosts in the depths of the grey salt
water ?

Beautiful ! why wilt thou die, and defraud fair girls of
thy manhood ?

Surely one waits for thee longing, afar in the isles of
the ocean.

Go thy way ; I mine ; for the gods grudge pleasure to
mortals.'

Sobbing she ended her moan, as her neck, like a
storm-bent lily,

340

Drooped with the weight of her woe, and her limbs
sank, weary with watching,

Soft on the hard-ledged rock : but the boy, with his eye
on the monster,

Clasped her, and stood, like a god ; and his lips curved
proud as he answered—

‘ Great are the pitiless sea-gods : but greater the Lord
of Olympus ;

Greater the Ægis-wielder, and greater is she who attends
him.

Clear-eyed Justice, her name is, the counsellor, loved
of Athené ;

Helper of heroes, who dare, in the god-given might of
their manhood

Greatly to do and to suffer, and far in the fens and the
forests

Smite the devourers of men, Heaven-hated, brood of
the giants,

Twyformed, strange, without like, who obey not the
golden-haired Rulers. 350

Vainly rebelling they rage, till they die by the swords
of the heroes,

Even as this must die ; for I burn with the wrath of my
father,

Wandering, led by Athené ; and dare whatsoever
betides me.

Led by Athené I won from the grey-haired terrible
sisters

Secrets hidden from men, when I found them asleep on
the sand-hills,

Keeping their eye and their tooth, till they showed me
the perilous pathway

Over the waterless ocean, the valley that led to the
Gorgon.

Her too I slew in my craft, Medusa, the beautiful
horror ;

Taught by Athené I slew her, and saw not herself, but
her image,

Watching the mirror of brass, in the shield which a
goddess had lent me ;

360

Cleaving her brass-scaled throat, as she lay with her
adders around her,

Fearless I bore off her head, in the folds of the mystical
goat-skin,

Hide of Amaltheié, fair nurse of the Ægis-wielder.
Hither I bear it, a gift to the gods, and a death to my
foemen,

Freezing the seer to stone ; so hide thine eyes from
the horror.

Kiss me but once, and I go.'

Then lifting her neck, like a sea-
bird

Peering up over the wave, from the foam-white swells
of her bosom,

Blushing she kissed him : afar on the topmost Idalian
summit

Laughed in the joy of her heart, far-seeing, the queen
Aphrodité.

Loosing his arms from her waist he flew upward,
awaiting the sea-beast.

370

Onward it came from the southward, as bulky and black
as a galley,

Lazily coasting along, as the fish fled leaping be-
fore it ;

Lazily breasting the ripple, and watching by sandbar
and headland,

Listening for laughter of maidens at bleaching, or song
of the fisher,

Children at play on the pebbles, or cattle that pawed
on the sandhills.

Rolling and dripping it came, where bedded in glisten-
ing purple

Cold on the cold sea-weeds lay the long white sides of
the maiden,

Trembling, her face in her hands, and her tresses afloat
on the water.

As when an osprey aloft, dark-eyebrowed, royally
crested,

Flags on by creek and by cove, and in scorn of the
anger of Nereus

380

Ranges, the king of the shore ; if he see on a glittering
shallow,

Chasing the bass and the mullet, the fin of a wallowing
dolphin,

Halting, he wheels round slowly, in doubt at the weight
of his quarry,

Whether to clutch it alive, or to fall on the wretch like
a plummet,

Stunning with terrible talon the life of the brain in the
hindhead :

Then rushes up with a scream, and stooping the wrath
of his eyebrows

Falls from the sky like a star, while the wind rattles
hoarse in his pinions.

Over him closes the foam for a moment ; then from the
sand-bed

Rolls up the great fish, dead, and his side gleams white
in the sunshine.

Thus fell the boy on the beast, unveiling the face of
the Gorgon ;

390

Thus fell the boy on the beast ; thus rolled up the beast
in his horror,

Once, as the dead eyes glared into his ; then his sides,
death-sharpened,

Stiffened and stood, brown rock, in the wash of the
wandering water.

Beautiful, eager, triumphant, he leapt back again to
his treasure ;

Leapt back again, full blest, toward arms spread wide
to receive him.

Brimful of honour he clasped her, and brimful of love
she caressed him,

Answering lip with lip ; while above them the queen
Aphrodité

Poured on their foreheads and limbs, unseen, ambrosial
odours,

Givers of longing, and rapture, and chaste content in
espousals.

Happy whom ere they be wedded anoints she, the
Queen Aphrodité !

400

Laughing she called to her sister, the chaste Tritonid
Athené,

‘Seest thou yonder thy pupil, thou maid of the Ægis-
wielder,

How he has turned himself wholly to love, and caresses
a damsel,

Dreaming no longer of honour, or danger, or Pallas
Athené ?

Sweeter, it seems, to the young my gifts are ; so yield
me the stripling ;

Yield him me now, lest he die in his prime, like hapless
Adonis.'

Smiling she answered in turn, that chaste Tritonid
Athené :

' Dear unto me, no less than to thee, is the wedlock of
heroes ;

Dear, who can worthily win him a wife not unworthy ;
and noble,

Pure with the pure to beget brave children, the like of
their father.

410

Happy, who thus stands linked to the heroes who were,
and who shall be ;

Girdled with holiest awe, not sparing of self ; for his
mother

Watches his steps with the eyes of the gods ; and his
wife and his children

Move him to plan and to do in the farm and the camp
and the council.

Thence comes weal to a nation : but woe upon woe,
when the people

Mingle in love at their will, like the brutes, not heeding
the future.'

Then from her gold-strung loom, where she wrought
in her chamber of cedar,

Awful and fair she arose ; and she went by the glens of
Olympus ;

Went by the isles of the sea, and the wind never ruffled
her mantle ;

Went by the water of Crete, and the black-beaked fleets
of the Phœnices ;

420

Came to the sea-girt rock which is washed by the
surges for ever,

Bearing the wealth of the gods, for a gift to the bride
of a hero.

There she met Andromeden and Persea, shaped like
Immortals ;

Solemn and sweet was her smile, while their hearts
beat loud at her coming ;

Solemn and sweet was her smile, as she spoke to the
pair in her wisdom.

‘Three things hold we, the Rulers, who sit by the
founts of Olympus,

Wisdom, and prowess, and beauty ; and freely we pour
them on mortals ;

Pleased at our image in man, as father at his in his
children.

One thing only we grudge to mankind, when a hero,
unthankful,

Boasts of our gifts as his own, stiffnecked, and dis-
honours the givers,

430

Turning our weapons against us. Him Até follows
avenging ;

Slowly she tracks him and sure, as a lyme-hound ;
sudden she grips him,

Crushing him, blind in his pride, for a sign and a terror
to folly.

This we avenge, as is fit ; in all else never weary of
giving.

Come then, damsel, and know if the gods grudge pleasure
to mortals.'

Loving and gentle she spoke : but the maid stood in
awe, as the goddess

Plaited with soft swift finger her tresses, and decked
her in jewels,

Armlet and anklet and earbell ; and over her shoulders
a necklace,

Heavy, enamelled, the flower of the gold and the brass
of the mountain.

Trembling with joy she gazed, so well Hæphaistos had
made it,

440

Deep in the forges of Ætna, while Charis his lady beside
him,

Mingled her grace in his craft, as he wrought for his
sister Athené.

Then on the brows of the maiden a veil bound Pallas
Athené ;

Ample it fell to her feet, deep-fringed, a wonder of
weaving.

Ages and ages ago it was wrought on the heights of
Olympus,

Wrought in the gold-strung loom, by the finger of cunning
Athené.

In it she wove all creatures that teem in the womb of
the ocean ;

Nereid, siren, and triton, and dolphin, and arrowy fishes
Glittering round, many-hued, on the flame-red folds of
the mantle.

In it she wove, too, a town where grey-haired kings sat
in judgment ;

45°

Sceptre in hand in the market they sat, doing right by
the people,

Wise : while above watched Justice, and near, far-seeing
Apollo.

Round it she wove for a fringe all herbs of the earth and
the water,

Violet, asphodel, ivy, and vine-leaves, roses and lilies,
Coral and sea-fan, and tangle, the blooms and the palms
of the ocean :

Now from Olympus she bore it, a dower to the bride of
a hero.

Over the limbs of the damsel she wrapt it : the maid
still trembled,

Shading her face with her hands ; for the eyes of the
goddess were awful.

Then, as a pine upon Ida when southwest winds blow
landward,

Stately she bent to the damsel, and breathed on her :
under her breathing

460

Taller and fairer she grew ; and the goddess spoke in
her wisdom.

‘ Courage I give thee ; the heart of a queen, and the
mind of Immortals,

Godlike to talk with the gods, and to look on their eyes
unshrinking ;

Fearing the sun and the stars no more, and the blue salt
water ;

Fearing us only, the lords of Olympus, friends of the
heroes ;

Chastely and wisely to govern thyself and thy house
and thy people,

Bearing a god-like race to thy spouse, till dying I set
thee

High for a star in the heavens, a sign and a hope to the
scamen,

Spreading thy long white arms all night in the heights
of the æther,

Hard by thy sire and the hero thy spouse, while near
thee thy mother

470

Sits in her ivory chair, as she plaits ambrosial
tresses.

All night long thou wilt shine ; all day thou wilt feast
on Olympus,

Happy, the guest of the gods, by thy husband, the god-
begotten.'

Blissful, they turned them to go : but the fair-tressed

Pallas Athené

Rose, like a pillar of tall white cloud, toward silver
Olympus ;

Far above ocean and shore, and the peaks of the isles
and the mainland ;

Where no frost nor storm is, in clear blue windless
abysses,

High in the home of the summer, the seats of the happy
Immortals,

Shrouded in keen deep blaze, unapproachable ; there
ever youthful

Hebé, Harmonié, and the daughter of Jove, Aphro-
dité, 480

Whirled in the white-linked dance with the gold-crowned
Hours and the Graces,

Hand within hand, while clear piped Phœbe, queen of
the woodlands.

All day long they rejoiced : but Athené still in her
chamber

Bent herself over her loom, as the stars rang loud to her
singing,

Chanting of order and right, and of foresight, warden of
nations ;

Chanting of labour and craft, and of wealth in the port
and the garner ;

Chanting of valour and fame, and the man who can fall
with the foremost,

Fighting for children and wife, and the field which his
father bequeathed him.

Sweetly and solemnly sang she, and planned new lessons
for mortals :

Happy, who hearing obey her, the wise unsullied
Athené.

SONGS, BALLADS,

ETC.

THE SANDS OF DEE.

I.

‘O MARY, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home
Across the sands of Dee ;’

The western wind was wild and dank with foam,
And all alone went she.

II.

The western tide crept up along the sand,
And o’er and o’er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see.

The rolling mist came down and hid the land :
And never home came she.

III.

‘ Oh ! is it weed, or fish, or floating hair—

A tress of golden hair,

A drownèd maiden’s hair

Above the nets at sea ?

Was never salmon yet that shone so fair

Among the stakes on Dee.’

IV.

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,

The cruel crawling foam,

The cruel hungry foam,

To her grave beside the sea :

But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home

Across the sands of Dee.

THE THREE FISHERS.

THREE fishers went sailing away to the West,
Away to the West as the sun went down ;
Each thought on the woman who loved him the best,
And the children stood watching them out of the
town ;
For men must work, and women must weep,
And there's little to earn, and many to keep,
Though the harbour bar be moaning.
Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower,
And they trimmed the lamps as the sun went
down ;
They looked at the squall, and they looked at the
shower,
And the night-rack came rolling up ragged and
brown.

But men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
And the harbour bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands
In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
And the women are weeping and wringing their
hands
For those who will never come home to the town ;
For men must work, and women must weep,
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep ;
And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.

THE TIDE ROCK.

HOW sleeps yon rock, whose half-day's bath is done,
With broad bright side beneath the broad bright
sun,

Like sea-nymph tired, on cushioned mosses sleeping.

Yet, nearer drawn, beneath her purple tresses

From drooping brows we find her slowly weeping.

So many a wife for cruel man's caresses

Must inly pine and pine, yet outward bear

A gallant front to this world's gaudy glare.

THE OUBIT.

I.

IT was an hairy oubit, sae proud he crept alang ;
 A feckless hairy oubit, and merrily he sang—
 ‘ My minnie bad me bide at hame until I won my
 wings ;
 I shew her soon my soul’s aboon the warks o’ creeping
 things.’

II.

This feckless hairy oubit cam’ hirpling by the linn,
 A swirl o’ wind cam’ doun the glen, and blew that
 oubit in :
 O when he took the water, the saumon fry they rose,
 And tigg’d him a’ to pieces sma’, by head and tail and
 toes.

III.

Tak' warning then, young poets a', by this poor oubit's
shame ;

Though Pegasus may nicher loud, keep Pegasus at
hame.

O haud your hands frae inkhorns, though a' the Muses
woo ;

For critics lie, like saumon fry, to mak' their meals o'
you.

THE STARLINGS.

I.

EARLY in spring time, on raw and windy
mornings,

Beneath the freezing house-eaves I heard the starlings
sing—

‘ Ah dreary March month, is this then a time for build-
ing wearily ?

Sad, sad, to think that the year is but begun.’

II.

Late in the autumn, on still and cloudless even-
ings,

Among the golden reed-beds I heard the starlings
sing—

‘ Ah that sweet March month, when we and our mates
were courting merrily ;

Sad, sad, to think that the year is all but done.’

O H, thou hadst been a wife for Shakspeare's self !

No head, save some world-genius, ought to rest

Above the treasures of that perfect breast ;

Or nightly draw fresh light from those keen stars

Through which thy soul awes ours : yet thou art bound—

Oh waste of nature !—to a craven hound ;

To shameless lust, and childish greed of pelf ;

Athené to a Satyr : was that link

Forged by The Father's hand ? Man's reason bars

The bans which God allowed.—Ay, so we think :

Forgetting, thou hadst weaker been, full blest,

Than thus made strong by suffering ; and more great

In martyrdom, than throned as Cæsar's mate.

A MARCH.

DREARY East winds howling o'er us ;
Clay-lands knee-deep spread before us ;
Mire and ice and snow and sleet ;
Aching backs and frozen feet ;
Knees which reel as marches quicken,
Ranks which thin as corpses thicken ;
While with carrion birds we eat,
Calling puddle-water sweet,
As we pledge the health of our general, who fares as
rough as we :
What can daunt us, what can turn us, led to death by
such as he ?

AIRLY BEACON.

I.

AIRLY Beacon, Airly Beacon ;
 Oh the pleasant sight to see
 Shires and towns from Airly Beacon,
 While my love climbed up to me !

II.

Airly Beacon, Airly Beacon ;
 Oh the happy hours we lay
 Deep in fern on Airly Beacon,
 Courting through the summer's day !

III.

Airly Beacon, Airly Beacon ;
 Oh the weary haunt for me,
 All alone on Airly Beacon,
 With his baby on my knee !

A FAREWELL.

I.

MY fairest child, I have no song to give you ;
 No lark could pipe to skies so dull and grey :
 Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
 For every day.

II.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever ;
 Do noble things, not dream them, all day long :
 And so make life, death, and that vast for-ever
 One grand, sweet song.

ELEGIACS.

WEARILY stretches the sand to the surge, and the
surge to the cloudland ;

Wearily onward I ride, watching the water alone.
Not as of old, like Homeric Achilles, *κυδῆϊ γαιῶν*,
Joyous knight-errant of God, thirsting for labour and
strife ;

No more on magical steed borne free through the re-
gions of ether,

But, like the hack which I ride, selling my sinew for
gold.

Fruit-bearing autumn is gone ; let the sad quiet winter
hang o'er me—

What were the spring to a soul laden with sorrow and
shame ?

Blossoms would fret me with beauty ; my heart has no
time to bepraise them ;

Grey rock, bough, surge, cloud, waken no yearning
within.

Sing not, thou sky-lark above ! even angels pass hushed
by the weeper.

Scream on, ye sea-fowl ! my heart echoes your desolate
cry.

Sweep the dry sand on, thou wild wind, to drift o'er the
shell and the sea-weed ;

Sea-weed and shell, like my dreams, swept down the
pitiless tide.

Just is the wave which uptore us ; 'tis nature's own law
which condemns us ;

Woe to the weak who, in pride, build on the faith of
the sand !

Joy to the oak of the mountain : he trusts to the might
of the rock-clefts ;

Deeply he mines, and in peace feeds on the wealth of
the stone.

DARTSIDE. 1849.

I CANNOT tell what you say, green leaves,
I cannot tell what you say :
But I know that there is a spirit in you,
And a word in you this day.

I cannot tell what you say, rosy rocks,
I cannot tell what you say :
But I know that there is a spirit in you,
And a word in you this day.

I cannot tell what you say, brown streams,
I cannot tell what you say :
But I know that in you too a spirit doth live,
And a word doth speak this day.

‘ Oh green is the colour of faith and truth,
And rose the colour of love and youth,
And brown of the fruitful clay.
Sweet Earth is faithful, and fruitful, and young,
And her bridal day shall come ere long,
And you shall know what the rocks and the streams
And the whispering woodlands say.’

A LAMENT.

THE merry merry lark was up and singing,
And the hare was out and feeding on the lea ;
And the merry merry bells below were ringing,
When my child's laugh rang through me.

Now the hare is snared and dead beside the snow-yard,
And the lark beside the dreary winter sea ;
And the baby in his cradle in the churchyard
Sleeps sound till the bell brings me.

MARGARET TO DOLCINO.

ASK if I love thee? Oh, smiles cannot tell
Plainer what tears are now showing too well.
Had I not loved thee, my sky had been clear :
Had I not loved thee, I had not been here,
Weeping by thee !

Ask if I love thee ? How else could I borrow
Pride from man's slander, and strength from my sorrow ?
Laugh when they sneer at the fanatic's bride,
Knowing no bliss, save to toil and abide
Weeping by thee !

DOLCINO TO MARGARET.

THE world goes up and the world goes down,
And the sunshine follows the rain ;
And yesterday's sneer and yesterday's frown
Can never come over again,
Sweet wife ;
No, never come over again.

For woman is warm though man be cold,
And the night will hallow the day ;
Till the heart which at even was weary and old
Can rise in the morning gay,
Sweet wife ;
To its work in the morning gay.

THE UGLY PRINCESS.

I.

MY parents bow, and lead them forth,
 For all the crowd to see—
 Ah well ! the people might not care
 To cheer a dwarf like me.

II.

They little know how I could love,
 How I could plan and toil,
 To swell those drudges' scanty gains,
 Their mites of rye and oil.

III.

They little know what dreams have been
 My playmates, night and day ;
 Of equal kindness, helpful care,
 A mother's perfect sway.

IV.

Now earth to earth in convent walls,

To earth in churchyard sod :

I was not good enough for man,

And so am given to God.

THE baby sings not on its mother's breast ;
 Nor nightingales who nestle side by side :
 Nor I by thine : but let us only part,
 Then lips which should but kiss, and so be still,
 As having uttered all, must speak again—
 Oh stunted thoughts ! Oh chill and fettered rhyme !
 Yet my great bliss, though still entirely blest,
 Losing its proper home, can find no rest :

So, like a child who whiles away the time
 With dance and carol till the eventide,
 Watching its mother homeward through the glen ;
 Or nightingale, who, sitting far apart,
 Tells to his listening mate within the nest
 The wonder of his star-entranced heart
 Till all the wakened woodlands laugh and thrill—
 Forth all my being bubbles into song ;
 And rings aloft, not smooth, yet clear and strong.

THE LONGBEARDS' SAGA. A.D. 400.

OVER the camp-fires
 Drank I with heroes,
 Under the Donau bank,
 Warm in the snow trench :
 Sagamen heard I there,
 Men of the Longbeards,
 Cunning and ancient,
 Honey-sweet-voiced.
 Scaring the wolf cub,
 Scaring the horn-owl,
 Shaking the snow-wreaths
 Down from the pine-boughs,
 Up to the star roof
 Rang out their song.

Singing how Winil men,
Over the ice-floes
Sledging from Scanland
Came unto Scoring ;
Singing of Gambara,
Freya's belovèd,
Mother of Ayo,
Mother of Ibor.
Singing of Wendel men,
Ambri and Assi ;
How to the Winilfolk
Went they with war-words,—
' Few are ye, strangers,
And many are we :
Pay us now toll and fee,
Cloth-yarn, and rings, and beeves ;
Else at the raven's meal
Bide the sharp bill's doom.'
Clutching the dwarf's work then,
Clutching the bullock's shell,

Girding gray iron on,
Forth fared the Winils all,
Fared the Alruna's sons,
Ayo and Ibor.

Mad at heart stalked they :
Loud wept the women all,
Loud the Alruna wife ;
Sore was their need.

Out of the morning land,
Over the snow-drifts,
Beautiful Freya came,
Tripping to Scoring.

White were the moorlands
And frozen before her :
Green were the moorlands,
And blooming behind her.

Out of her gold locks
Shaking the spring flowers,
Out of her garments
Shaking the south wind,

Around in the birches
Awaking the throistles,
And making chaste housewives all
Long for their heroes home,
Loving and love-giving,
Came she to Scoring.
Came unto Gambara,
Wisest of Valas,—
'Vala, why weepest thou?
Far in the wide-blue,
High up in the Elfin-home,
Heard I thy weeping.'

'Stop not my weeping,
Till one can fight seven.
Sons have I, heroes tall,
First in the sword-play;
This day at the Wendels' hands
Eagles must tear them.
Their mothers, thrall-weary,
Must grind for the Wendels.'

Wept the Alruna wife ;
Kissed her fair Freya :—
‘ Far off in the morning land,
High in Valhalla,
A window stands open ;
Its sill is the snow-peaks,
Its posts are the water-spouts,
Storm-rack its lintel ;
Gold cloud-flakes above it
Are piled for the roofing,
Far up to the Elfin-home,
High in the wide-blue.
Smiles out each morning thence
Odin Allfather ;
From under the cloud-caves
Smiles out on the heroes,
Smiles on chaste housewives all,
Smiles on the brood-mares,
Smiles on the smiths’ work :
And theirs is the sword-luck,

With them is the glory,—
So Odin hath sworn it,—
Who first in the morning
Shall meet him and greet him.’
Still the Alruna wept :—
‘ Who then shall greet him ?
Women alone are here :
Far on the moorlands
Behind the war-lindens,
In vain for the bill’s doom
Watch Winil heroes all,
One against seven.’
Sweetly the Queen laughed :—
‘ Hear thou my counsel now ;
Take to thee cunning,
Belovèd of Freya.
Take thou thy women-folk,
Maidens and wives :
Over your ankles
Lace on the white war-hose ;

Over your bosoms
Link up the hard mail-nets ;
Over your lips
Plait long tresses with cunning ;—
So war-beasts full-bearded
King Odin shall deem you,
When off the gray sea-beach
At sunrise ye greet him.’

Night’s son was driving
His golden-haired horses up ;
Over the eastern firths
High flashed their manes.
Smiled from the cloud-eaves out
Allfather Odin,
Waiting the battle-sport :
Freya stood by him.
‘ Who are these heroes tall,—
Lusty-limbed Longbeards ?
Over the swans’ bath
Why cry they to me ?

Bones should be crashing fast,
Wolves should be full-fed,
Where'er such, mad-hearted,
Swing hands in the sword-play.'

Sweetly laughed Freya :—
' A name thou hast given them,
Shames neither thee nor them,
Well can they wear it.
Give them the victory,
First have they greeted thee ;
Give them the victory.
Yokelfellow mine !
Maidens and wives are these,—
Wives of the Winils ;
Few are their heroes
And far on the war-road,
So over the swans' bath
They cry unto thee.'

Royally laughed he then ;
Dear was that craft to him,

Odin Allfather,
Shaking the clouds.
'Cunning are women all,
Bold and importunate !
Longbeards their name shall be,
Ravens shall thank them :
Where women are heroes,
What must the men be ?
Theirs is the victory ;
No need of me !'

THE SWAN-NECK.

EVIL sped the battle play
 On the Pope Calixtus' day ;
 Mighty war-smiths, thanes and lords,
 In Senlac slept the sleep of swords.
 Harold Earl, shot over shield,
 Lay along the autumn weald ;
 Slaughter such was never none
 Since the Ethelings England won.

Thither Lady Githa came,
 Weeping sore for grief and shame ;
 How may she her first-born tell ?
 Frenchmen stript him where he fell,
 Gashed and marred his comely face ;
 Who can know him in his place ?

Up and spake two brethren wise,
‘Youngest hearts have keenest eyes ;
Bird which leaves its mother’s nest,
Moults its pinion, moults its crest.
Let us call the Swan-neck here,
She that was his leman dear,
She shall know him in this stound ;
Foot of wolf, and scent of hound,
Eye of hawk, and wing of dove,
Carry woman to her love.’

Up and spake the Swan-neck high,
‘Go! to all your thanes let cry
How I loved him best of all,
I whom men his leman call ;
Better knew his body fair
Than the mother which him bare.
When ye lived in wealth and glee
Then ye scorned to look on me ;
God hath brought the proud ones low
After me afoot to go.’

Rousing erne and sallow glede,
Rousing grey wolf off his feed,
Over franklin, earl, and thane,
Heaps of mother-naked slain,
Round the red field tracing slow,
Stooped that Swan-neck white as snow ;
Never blushed nor turned away,
Till she found him where he lay ;
Clipt him in her armés fair,
Wrapt him in her yellow hair,
Bore him from the battle-stead,
Saw him laid in pall of lead,
Took her to a minster high,
For Earl Harold's soul to cry.

Thus fell Harold, bracelet-giver ;
Jesu rest his soul for ever ;
Angles all from thrall deliver ;
Misericere Domine.

I.

IT was Earl Haldan's daughter,
 She looked across the sea ;
 She looked across the water,
 And long and loud laughed she :
 'The locks of six princesses
 Must be my marriage fee,
 So hey bonny boat, and ho bonny boat !
 Who comes a wooing me !'

II.

It was Earl Haldan's daughter,
 She walked along the sand ;
 When she was aware of a knight so fair,
 Came sailing to the land.

His sails were all of velvet,
 His mast of beaten gold,
 And 'Hey bonny boat, and ho bonny boat !
 Who saileth here so bold ?'

III.

'The locks of five princesses
 I won beyond the sea ;
 I clipt their golden tresses,
 To fringe a cloak for thee.
 One handful yet is wanting,
 But one of all the tale ;
 So hey bonny boat, and ho bonny boat !
 Furl up thy velvet sail !'

IV.

He leapt into the water,
 That rover young and bold ;
 He gript Earl Haldan's daughter,
 He clipt her locks of gold ;

‘Go weep, go weep, proud maiden,
The tale is full to-day.
Now hey bonny boat, and ho bonny boat!
Sail westward ho away!’

FRANK LEIGH'S SONG. A.D. 1586.

AH tyrant Love, Megæra's serpents bearing,
 Why thus requite my sighs with venom'd smart
 Ah ruthless dove, the vulture's talons wearing,
 Why flesh them, traitress, in this faithful heart?
 Is this my meed? Must dragon's teeth alone
 In Venus' lawns by lovers' hands be sown?

 Nay, gentlest Cupid; 'twas my pride undid me;
 Nay, guiltless dove; by mine own wound I fell.
 To worship, not to wed, Celestials bid me:
 I dreamt to mate in heaven, and wake in hell;
 For ever doom'd, Ixion-like, to reel
 On mine own passions' ever-burning wheel.

THE LAST BUCCANIER.

I.

O H England is a pleasant place for them that's rich
and high,

But England is a cruel place for such poor folks as I ;
And such a port for mariners I ne'er shall see again
As the pleasant Isle of Avès, beside the Spanish main.

II.

There were forty craft in Avès that were both swift and
stout,

All furnished well with small arms and cannons round
about ;

And a thousand men in Avès made laws so fair and
free

To choose their valiant captains and obey them loyally.

III.

Thence we sailed against the Spaniard with his hoards
of plate and gold,
Which he wrung with cruel tortures from Indian folk
of old ;
Likewise the merchant captains, with hearts as hard as
stone,
Who flog men and keel-haul them, and starve them to
the bone

IV.

Oh the palms grew high in Avès, and fruits that shone
like gold,
And the colibris and parrots they were gorgeous to
behold ;
And the negro maids to Avès from bondage fast did
flee,
To welcome gallant sailors, a-sweeping in from sea.

V.

Oh sweet it was in Avès to hear the landward breeze
A-swing with good tobacco in a net between the trees,

With a negro lass to fan you, while you listened to the
roar

Of the breakers on the reef outside, that never touched
the shore.

VI.

But Scripture saith, an ending to all fine things must be ;
So the King's ships sailed on Avès, and quite put down
were we.

All day we fought like bulldogs, but they burst the
booms at night ;

And I fled in a piragua, sore wounded, from the fight.

VII.

Nine days I floated starving, and a negro lass beside,
Till for all I tried to cheer her, the poor young thing
she died ;

But as I lay a gasping, a Bristol sail came by,
And brought me home to England here, to beg until I
die.

VIII.

And now I'm old and going—I'm sure I can't tell
where;

One comfort is, this world's so hard, I can't be worse
off there:

If I might but be a sea-dove, I'd fly across the main,
To the pleasant Isle of Avès, to look at it once again.

SAPPHO.

SHE lay among the myrtles on the cliff ;
Above her glared the noon ; beneath, the sea.
Upon the white horizon Atho's peak
Weltered in burning haze ; all airs were dead ;
The cicale slept among the tamarisk's hair ;
The birds sat dumb and drooping. Far below
The lazy sea-weed glistened in the sun ;
The lazy sea-fowl dried their steaming wings ;
The lazy swell crept whispering up the ledge,
And sank again. Great Pan was laid to rest ;
And Mother Earth watched by him as he slept,
And hushed her myriad children for awhile.

She lay among the myrtles on the cliff ;
And sighed for sleep, for sleep that would not hear,
But left her tossing still ; for night and day
A mighty hunger yearned within her heart,
Till all her veins ran fever ; and her cheek,
Her long thin hands, and ivory-channelled feet,
Were wasted with the wasting of her soul.
Then peevishly she flung her on her face,
And hid her eyeballs from the blinding glare,
And fingered at the grass, and tried to cool
Her crisp hot lips against the crisp hot sward :
And then she raised her head, and upward cast
Wild looks from homeless eyes, whose liquid light
Gleamed out between deep folds of blue-black hair,
As gleam twin lakes between the purple peaks
Of deep Parnassus, at the mournful moon.
Beside her lay her lyre. She snatched the shell,
And waked wild music from its silver strings ;
Then tossed it sadly by.—‘ Ah, hush ! ’ she cries,
‘ Dead offspring of the tortoise and the mine !

Why mock my discords with thine harmonies?
Although a thrice-Olympian lot be thine,
Only to echo back in every tone
The moods of nobler natures than thine own.'

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ODE TO THE NORTH-EAST WIND.

WELCOME, wild North-easter !

Shame it is to see

Odes to every zephyr ;

Ne'er a verse to thee.

Welcome, black North-easter !

O'er the German foam ;

O'er the Danish moorlands,

From thy frozen home.

Tired we are of summer,

Tired of gaudy glare,

Showers soft and steaming,

Hot and breathless air.

Tired of listless dreaming,
Through the lazy day :
Jovial wind of winter
Turn us out to play !
Sweep the golden reed-beds ;
Crisp the lazy dyke ;
Hunger into madness
Every plunging pike.
Fill the lake with wild fowl ;
Fill the marsh with snipe ;
While on dreary moorlands
Lonely curlew pipe.
Through the black fir-forest
Thunder harsh and dry,
Shattering down the snow flakes
Off the curdled sky.
Hark ! The brave North-easter !
Breast-high lies the scent,
On by holt and headland,
Over heath and bent.

Chime, ye dappled darlings,
Through the sleet and snow.

Who can over-ride you ?

Let the horses go !

Chime, ye dappled darlings,
Down the roaring blast ;

You shall see a fox die

Ere an hour be past.

Go ! and rest to-morrow,

Hunting in your dreams,

While our skates are ringing

O'er the frozen streams.

Let the luscious South-wind

Breathe in lovers' sighs,

While the lazy gallants

Bask in ladies' eyes.

What does he but soften

Heart alike and pen ?

'Tis the hard grey weather

Breeds hard English men.

What's the soft South-wester?

'Tis the ladies' breeze,

Bringing home their true loves

Out of all the seas :

But the black North-easter,

Through the snow-storm hurled,

Drives our English hearts of oak

Seaward round the world.

Come, as came our fathers,

Heralded by thee,

Conquering from the eastward,

Lords by land and sea.

Come ; and strong within us

Stir the Vikings' blood ;

Bracing brain and sinew ;

Blow, thou wind of God !

TO G * * *.

A HASTY jest I once let fall—
 As jests are wont to be, untrue—
 As if the sum of joy to you
 Were hunt and pic-nic, rout and ball.

Your eyes met mine : I did not blame ;
 You saw it : but I touched too near
 Some noble nerve ; a silent tear
 Spoke soft reproach, and lofty shame.

I do not wish those words unsaid.
 Unspoilt by praise and pleasure, you
 In that one look to woman grew,
 While with a child, I thought, I played.

Next to mine own beloved so long !

I have not spent my heart in vain.

I watched the blade ; I see the grain ;

A woman's soul, most soft, yet strong.

SAINT MAURA.

A.D. 304.

THANK God ! Those gazers' eyes are gone at last !

The guards are crouching underneath the rock ;
 The lights are fading in the town below,
 Around the cottage which this morn was ours.
 Kind sun, to set, and leave us here alone ;
 Alone upon our crosses with our God ;
 While all the angels watch us from the stars !
 Kind moon, to shine so clear and full on him,
 And bathe his limbs in glory, for a sign
 Of what awaits him ! Oh look on him, Lord !
 Look, and remember how he saved thy lamb !

Oh listen to me, teacher, husband, love,
 Never till now loved utterly ! Oh say,
 Say you forgive me ? No—you must not speak :
 You said it to me hours ago—long hours !

Now you must rest, and when to-morrow comes
Speak to the people, call them home to God,
A deacon on the Cross, as in the Church ;
And plead from off the tree with outspread arms,
To show them that the Son of God endured
For them—and me. Hush ! I alone will speak,
And wile away the hours till dawn for you.
I know you have forgiven me ; as I lay
Beneath your feet, while they were binding me,
I knew I was forgiven then ! When I cried
‘ Here am I, husband ! The lost lamb returned,
All re-baptized in blood ! ’ and you said, ‘ Come !
Come to thy bride-bed, martyr, wife once more ! ’
From that same moment all my pain was gone ;
And ever since those sightless eyes have smiled
Love—love ! Alas, those eyes ! They made me fall.
I could not bear to see them bleeding, dark,
Never, no never to look into mine ;
Never to watch me round the little room
Singing about my work, or flash on me

Looks bright with counsel.—Then they drove me mad
With talk of nameless tortures waiting you—
And I could save you ! You would hear your love —
They knew you loved me, cruel men ! And then—
Then came a dream ; to say one little word,
One easy wicked word, we both might say,
And no one hear us, but the lictors round ;
One tiny sprinkle of the incense grains,
And both, both free ! And life had just begun—
Only three months—short months—your wedded wife !
Only three months within the cottage there—
Hoping I bore your child. . . .
Ah ! husband ! Saviour ! God ! think gently of me ! .
I am forgiven ! . . .

And then another dream ;
A flash—so quick, I could not bear the blaze ;
I could not see the smoke among the light—
To wander out through unknown lands, and lead
You by the hand through hamlet, port, and town,
On, on, until we died ; and stand each day

To glory in you, as you preached and prayed
From rock and bourne-stone, with that voice, those
words,

Mingled of fire and honey—you would wake,
Bend, save whole nations! would not that atone
For one short word?—ay, make it right, to save
You, you, to fight the battles of the Lord?
And so—and so—alas! you knew the rest!

You answered me . . .

Ah cruel words! No! Blessed, godlike words!
You had done nobly had you struck me dead,
Instead of striking me to life!—the temptress! . . .

‘Traitress! apostate! dead to God and me!’——

‘The smell of death upon me?’—so it was!

True! true! well spoken, hero! Oh they snapped,
Those words, my madness, like the angel’s voice
Thrilling the graves to birth-pangs. All was clear.
There was but one right thing in the world to do;
And I must do it. . . Lord, have mercy! Christ!
Help through my womanhood: or I shall fail

Yet, as I failed before! . . . I could not speak—
I could not speak for shame and misery,
And terror of my sin, and of the things
I knew were coming : but in heaven, in heaven !
There we should meet, perhaps—and by that time
I might be worthy of you once again—
Of you, and of my God. . . . So I went out.

* * * * *

Will you hear more, and so forget the pain?
And yet I dread to tell you what comes next ;
Your love will feel it all again for me.
No! it is over ; and the woe that's dead
Rises next hour a glorious angel. Love!
Say, shall I tell you? Ah! your lips are dry!
To-morrow, when they come, we must entreat,
And they will give you water. One to-day,
A soldier, gave me water in a sponge
Upon a reed, and said, ' Too fair! too young!
She might have been a gallant soldier's wife !'
And then I cried, ' I am a soldier's wife !

A hero's!' And he smiled, but let me drink.
God bless him for it!

So they led me back :

And as I went, a voice was in my ears
Which rang through all the sunlight, and the breath
And blaze of all the garden slopes below,
And through the harvest-voices, and the moan
Of cedar-forests on the cliffs above,
And round the shining rivers, and the peaks
Which hung beyond the cloud-bed of the west,
And round the ancient stones about my feet.
Out of all heaven and earth it rang, and cried
' My hand hath made all these. Am I too weak
To give thee strength to say so? Then my soul
Spread like a clear blue sky within my breast,
While all the people made a ring around,
And in the midst the judge spoke smilingly—
' Well? hast thou brought him to a better mind?'
' No! He has brought me to a better mind.'—
I cried, and said beside—I know not what—

Words which I learnt from thee—I trust in God
Nought fierce or rude—for was I not a girl
Three months ago beneath my mother's roof?
I thought of that. She might be there! I looked—
She was not there! I hid my face and wept.
And when I looked again, the judge's eye
Was on me, cold and steady, deep in thought—
'She knows what shame is still; so strip her.' 'Ah!'
I shrieked, 'Not that, Sir! Any pain! So young
I am—a wife too—I am not my own,
But his—my husband's!' But they took my shawl,
And tore my tunic off, and there I stood
Before them all. . . . Husband! you love me still?
Indeed I pleaded! Oh, shine out, kind moon,
And let me see him smile! Oh! how I prayed,
While some cried 'Shame!' And some 'She is too
young!'

And some mocked—ugly words: God shut my ears.
And yet no earthquake came to swallow me.
While all the court around, and walls, and roofs,

And all the earth and air were full of eyes,
Eyes, eyes, which scorched my limbs like burning flame,
Until my brain seemed bursting from my brow :
And yet no earthquake came ! And then I knew
This body was not yours alone, but God's—
His loan—He needed it : and after that
The worst was come, and any torture more
A change—a lightening ; and I did not shriek—
Once only—once, when first I felt the whip—
It coiled so keen around my side, and sent
A fire-flash through my heart which choked me—then
I shrieked—that once. The foolish echo rang
So far and long—I prayed you might not hear.
And then a mist, which hid the ring of eyes,
Swam by me, and a murmur in my ears
Of humming bees around the limes at home ;
And I was all alone with you and God.
And what they did to me I hardly know ;
I felt, and did not feel. Now I look back,
It was not after all so very sharp :

So do not pity me. It made me pray ;
Forget my shame in pain, and pain in you,
And you in God : and once, when I looked down,
And saw an ugly sight—so many wounds !
‘What matter?’ thought I. ‘His dear eyes are dark ;
For them alone I kept these limbs so white—
A foolish pride ! As God wills now. ’Tis just.’

But then the judge spoke out in haste, ‘She is mad,
Or fenced by magic arts ! She feels no pain !’
He did not know I was on fire within :
Better he should not ; so his sin was less :
Then he cried fiercely, ‘Take the slave away,
And crucify her by her husband’s side !’
And at those words a film came on my face—
A sickening rush of joy—was that the end ?
That my reward ? I rose, and tried to go—
But all the eyes had vanished, and the judge ;
And all the buildings melted into mist :
So how they brought me here I cannot tell—
Here, here. by you. until the judgment-day,

And after that for ever and for ever !

Ah ! If I could but reach that hand ! One touch !

One finger tip, to send the thrill through me

I felt but yesterday !—No ! I can wait :—

Another body !—Oh, new limbs are ready,

Free, pure, instinct with soul through every nerve,

Kept for us in the treasures of God.

They will not mar the love they try to speak,

They will not fail my soul, as these have done !

* * * * *

Will you hear more ? Nay—you know all the rest :

Yet those poor eyes—alas ! they could not see

My waking, when you hung above me there

With hands outstretched to bless the penitent—

Your penitent—even like The Lord Himself—

I gloried in you !—like The Lord Himself !

Sharing His very sufferings, to the crown

Of thorns which they had put on that dear brow

To make you like Him—show you as you were !

I told them so ! I bid them look on you,

And see there what was the highest throne on earth—
The throne of suffering, where the Son of God
Endured and triumphed for them. But they laughed;
All but one soldier, grey, with many scars;
And he stood silent. Then I crawled to you,
And kissed your bleeding feet, and called aloud—
You heard me! You know all! I am at peace.
Peace, peace, as still and bright as is the moon
Upon your limbs, came on me at your smile,
And kept me happy, when they dragged me back
From that last kiss, and spread me on the cross,
And bound my wrists and ankles—Do not sigh:
I prayed, and bore it: and since they raised me up
My eyes have never left your face, my own, my own,
Nor will, till death comes! . . .

Do I feel much pain?

Not much. Not maddening. None I cannot bear.
It has become like part of my own life,
Or part of God's life in me—honour—bliss!
I dreaded madness, and instead comes rest;

Rest deep and smiling, like a summer's night.

I should be easy, now if I could move

I cannot stir. Ah God! these shoots of fire

Through all my limbs! Hush, selfish girl! He hears
you!

Who ever found the cross a pleasant bed?

Yes; I can bear it, love. Pain is no evil

Unless it conquers us. These little wrists, now—

You said, one blessed night, they were too slender,

Too soft and slender for a deacon's wife—

Perhaps a martyr's:—You forgot the strength

Which God can give. The cord has cut them through;

And yet my voice has never faltered yet.

Oh! do not groan, or I shall long and pray

That you may die: and you must not die yet.

Not yet—they told us we might live three days . . .

Two days for you to preach! Two days to speak

Words which may wake the dead!

* * * * *

Hush! is he sleeping?

They say that men have slept upon the cross ;
So why not he? . . . Thanks, Lord! I hear him
breathe :

And he will preach thy word to-morrow!—save
Souls, crowds, for Thee! And they will know his worth
Years hence — poor things, they know not what they
do!—

And crown him martyr ; and his name will ring
Through all the shores of earth, and all the stars
Whose eyes are sparkling through their tears to see
His triumph—Preacher! Martyr!—Ah—and me?—
If they must couple my poor name with his,
Let them tell all the truth—say how I loved him,
And tried to damn him by that love! Oh Lord!
Returning good for evil! and was this
The payment I deserved for such a sin?
To hang here on my cross, and look at him
Until we kneel before Thy throne in heaven!

POEMS

CONNECTED WITH 1848-9.

THE NIGHT BIRD.

I.

A FLOATING, a floating
Across the sleeping sea,
All night I heard a singing bird
Upon the topmast tree.

II.

‘ Oh came you off the isles of Greece,
Or off the banks of Seine ;
Or off some tree in forests free,
Which fringe the western main ?’

III.

‘ I came not off the old world
Nor yet from off the new—
But I am one of the birds of God
Which sing the whole night through.’

IV.

‘ Oh sing, and wake the dawning—
Oh whistle for the wind ;
The night is long, the current strong,
My boat it lags behind.’

V.

‘ The current sweeps the old world,
The current sweeps the new ;
The wind will blow, the dawn will glow,
Ere thou hast sailed them through.’

THE WATCHMAN.

I.

‘WATCHMAN, what of the night?’

‘The stars are out in the sky;

And the merry round moon will be rising soon,

For us to go sailing by.’

II.

‘Watchman, what of the night?’

‘The tide flows in from the sea;

There’s water to float a little cockboat

Will carry such fishers as we.’

III.

‘Watchman, what of the night?’

‘The night is a fruitful time;

When to many a pair are born children fair,

To be christened at morning chime.’

THE WORLD'S AGE.

I.

WH^O will say the world is dying?
 Who will say our prime is past?
 Sparks from Heaven, within us lying,
 Flash, and will flash till the last.
 Fools! who fancy Christ mistaken;
 Man a tool to buy and sell;
 Earth a failure, God-forsaken,
 Anteroom of Hell.

II.

Still the race of Hero-spirits
 Pass the lamp from hand to hand;
 Age from age the Words inherits—
 'Wife, and Child, and Fatherland.'

Still the youthful hunter gathers
 Fiery joy from wold and wood ;
He will dare as dared his fathers
 Give him cause as good.

III.

While a slave bewails his fetters ;
 While an orphan pleads in vain ;
While an infant lisps his letters,
 Heir of all the ages' gain ;
While a lip grows ripe for kissing ;
 While a moan from man is wrung ;
Know, by every want and blessing,
 That the world is young.

THE DEAD CHURCH.

I.

WILD wild wind, wilt thou never cease thy sighing ?

Dark dark night, wilt thou never wear away ?

Cold cold church, in thy death sleep lying,

Thy Lent is past, thy Passion here, but not thine
Easter-day.

II.

Peace, faint heart, though the night be dark and
sighing ;

Rest, fair corpse, where thy Lord himself hath lain.

Weep, dear Lord, above thy bride low lying ;

Thy tears shall wake her frozen limbs to life and
health again.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

IT chanced upon the merry merry Christmas eve,
 I went sighing past the church across the moorland
 dreary—

‘Oh! never sin and want and woe this earth will
 leave,

And the bells but mock the wailing round, they sing
 so cheery.

How long, O Lord! how long before Thou come
 again?

Still in cellar, and in garret, and on moorland
 dreary

The orphans moan, and widows weep, and poor men
 toil in vain,

Till earth is sick of hope deferred, though Christmas
 bells be cheery.’

Then arose a joyous clamour from the wild fowl on
the mere,

Beneath the stars, across the snow, like clear bells
ringing,

And a voice within cried—‘ Listen !—Christmas carols
even here !

Though thou be dumb, yet o’er their work the stars
and snows are singing.

Blind ! I live, I love, I reign ; and all the nations
through

With the thunder of my judgments even now are
ringing ;

Do thou fulfil thy work but as yon wild-fowl do,

Thou wilt heed no less the wailing, yet hear through
it angels singing.’

A PARABLE FROM LIEBIG.

I.

THE church bells were ringing, the devil sat singing
 On the stump of a rotting old tree ;
 ‘ Oh faith it grows cold, and the creeds they grow old.
 And the world is nigh ready for me.’

II.

The bells went on ringing, a spirit came singing,
 And smiled as he crumbled the tree ;
 ‘ Yon wood does but perish new seedlings to cherish,
 And the world is too live yet for thee.’

MY HUNTING SONG.

FORWARD ! Hark forward's the cry !

One more fence and we're out on the open,
 So to us at once, if you want to live near us !
 Hark to them, ride to them, beauties ! as on they go,
 Leaping and sweeping away in the vale below !
 Cowards and bunglers, whose heart or whose eye is
 slow
 Find themselves staring alone.

So the great cause flashes by ;
 Nearer and clearer its purposes open,
 While louder and prouder the world-echoes cheer us :
 Gentlemen sportsmen, you ought to live up to us,
 Lead us, and lift us, and hallo our game to us—
 We cannot call the hounds off, and no shame to us—
 Don't be left staring alone !

ALTON LOCKE'S SONG, 1848.

I.

WEEP, weep, weep and weep,
 For pauper, dolt, and slave !
 Hark ! from wasted moor and fen,
 Feverous alley, stifling den,
 Swells the wail of Saxon men—
 Work ! or the grave !

II.

Down, down, down and down
 With idler, knave, and tyrant !
 Why for sluggards cark and moil ?
 He that will not live by toil
 Has no right on English soil !
 God's word's our warrant !

III.

Up, up, up and up !

Face your game and play it !

The night is past, behold the sun !

The idols fall, the lie is done !

The Judge is set, the doom begun !

Who shall stay it ?

THE BAD SQUIRE.

THE merry brown hares came leaping
 Over the crest of the hill,
 Where the clover and corn lay sleeping
 Under the moonlight still.

Leaping late and early,
 Till under their bite and their tread
 The swedes and the wheat and the barley
 Lay cankered and trampled and dead.

A poacher's widow sat sighing
 On the side of the white chalk bank,
 Where under the gloomy fir-woods
 One spot in the ley throve rank.

She watched a long tuft of clover,
Where rabbit or hare never ran ;
For its black sour haulm covered over
The blood of a murdered man.

She thought of the dark plantation,
And the hares, and her husband's blood,
And the voice of her indignation
Rose up to the throne of God.

‘ I am long past wailing and whining—
I have wept too much in my life :
I’ve had twenty years of pining
As an English labourer’s wife.

‘ A labourer in Christian England,
Where they cant of a Saviour’s name,
And yet waste men’s lives like the vermin’s
For a few more brace of game.

‘ There’s blood on your new foreign shrubs, squire,
There’s blood on your pointer’s feet ;
There’s blood on the game you sell, squire,
And there’s blood on the game you eat.

‘ You have sold the labouring-man, squire,
Body and soul to shame,
To pay for your seat in the House, squire,
And to pay for the feed of your game.

‘ You made him a poacher yourself, squire,
When you’d give neither work nor meat,
And your barley-fed hares robbed the garden
At our starving children’s feet ;

‘ When, packed in one reeking chamber,
Man, maid, mother, and little ones lay ;
While the rain pattered in on the rotting bride-bed,
And the walls let in the day.

‘ When we lay in the burning fever
On the mud of the cold clay floor,
Till you parted us all for three months, squire,
At the dreary workhouse-door.

‘ We quarrelled like brutes, and who wonders ?
What self-respect could we keep,
Worse housed than your hacks and your pointers,
Worse fed than your hogs and your sheep ?

‘ Our daughters with base-born babies
Have wandered away in their shame ;
If your misses had slept, squire, where they did, ‘
Your misses might do the same.

‘ Can your lady patch hearts that are breaking
With handfuls of coals and rice,
Or by dealing out flannel and sheeting
A little below cost price ?

‘ You may tire of the jail and the workhouse,
And take to allotments and schools,
But you’ve run up a debt that will never
Be paid us by penny-club rules.

‘ In the season of shame and sadness,
In the dark and dreary day,
When scrofula, gout, and madness
Are eating your race away ;

‘ When to kennels and liveried varlets
You have cast your daughter’s bread,
And, worn out with liquor and harlots,
Your heir at your feet lies dead ;

‘ When your youngest, the mealy-mouthed rector,
Lets your soul rot asleep to the grave,
You will find in your God the protector
Of the freeman you fancied your slave.’

She looked at the tuft of clover,
And wept till her heart grew light ;
And at last, when her passion was over,
Went wandering into the night.

But the merry brown hares came leaping
Over the uplands still,
Where the clover and corn lay sleeping
On the side of the white chalk hill.

ON THE DEATH OF A CERTAIN JOURNAL.

SO die, thou child of stormy dawn,
 Thou winter flower, forlorn of nurse ;
 Chilled early by the bigot's curse,
 The pedant's frown, the worldling's yawn.

Fair death, to fall in teeming June,
 When every seed which drops to earth
 Takes root, and wins a second birth
 From steaming shower and gleaming moon.

Fall warm, fall fast, thou mellow rain ;
 Thou rain of God, make fat the land ;
 That roots which parch in burning sand
 May bud to flower and fruit again.

To grace, perchance, a fairer morn
In mightier lands beyond the sea,
While honour falls to such as we
From hearts of heroes yet unborn.

Who in the light of fuller day,
Of purer science, holier laws,
Bless us, faint heralds of their cause,
Dim beacons of their glorious way.

Failure? While tide-floods rise and boil
Round cape and isle, in port and cove,
Resistless, star-led from above:
What though our tiny wave recoil?

A THOUGHT FROM THE RHINE.

I HEARD an Eagle crying all alone
 Above the vineyards through the summer night,
 Among the skeletons of robber towers ;
 Because the ancient eyrie of his race
 Was trenched and walled by busy-handed men,
 And all his forest-chace and woodland wild,
 Wherefrom he fed his young with hare and roe,
 Were trim with grapes which swelled from hour to
 hour,
 And tossed their golden tendrils to the sun
 For joy at their own riches :—So, I thought,
 The great devourers of the earth shall sit,
 Idle and impotent, they know not why,
 Down-staring from their barren height of state

On nations grown too wise to slay and slave,
The puppets of the few, while peaceful lore
And fellow-help make glad the heart of earth,
With wonders which they fear and hate, as he,
The Eagle, hates the vineyard slopes below.

THE DAY OF THE LORD.

THE Day of the Lord is at hand, at hand !
 Its storms roll up the sky :

The nations sleep starving on heaps of gold ;

All dreamers toss and sigh ;

The night is darkest before the morn ;

When the pain is sorest the child is born,

And the Day of the Lord at hand.

Gather you, gather you, angels of God—

Freedom, and Mercy, and Truth ;

Come ! for the Earth is grown coward and old ;

Come down, and renew us her youth.

Wisdom, Self-Sacrifice, Daring, and Love,

Haste to the battle-field, stoop from above,

To the Day of the Lord at hand.

Gather you, gather you, hounds of hell—

Famine, and Plague, and War ;

Idleness, Bigotry, Cant, and Misrule,

Gather, and fall in the snare !

Hireling and Mammonite, Bigot and Knave,

Crawl to the battle-field, sneak to your grave,

In the Day of the Lord at hand.

Who would sit down and sigh for a lost age of gold,

While the Lord of all ages is here ?

True hearts will leap up at the trumpet of God,

And those who can suffer, can dare.

Each old age of gold was an iron age too,

And the meekest of saints may find stern work to do,

In the day of the Lord at hand.

EARLY POEMS.

IN AN ILLUMINATED MISSAL.

I WOULD have loved : there are no mates in
 heaven ;

I would be great : there is no pride in heaven ;

I would have sung, as doth the nightingale

The summer's night aneath the moonè pale :

But saintès hymnes alone in heaven prevail.

My love, my song, my skill, my high intent,

Have I within this seely book y-pent :

And all that beauty which from every part

I treasured still alway within mine heart,

Whether of form or face angelical,

Or herb or flower, or lofty cáthedral,

Upon these sheets below doth lie y-spred,

In quaint devices deftly blazonèd.

Lord, in this tome to thee I sanctify

The sinful fruits of worldly fantasy.

THE WEIRD LADY.

I.

THE swevens came up round Harold the Earl,
 Like motes in the sunnès beam ;
 And over him stood the Weird Lady,
 In her charmèd castle over the sea,
 Sang ‘ Lie thou still and dream.’

II.

‘ Thy steed is dead in his stall, Earl Harold,
 Since thou hast bid with me ;
 The rust has eaten thy harness bright,
 And the rats have eaten thy greyhound light,
 That was so fair and free.’

III.

Mary Mother she stooped from heaven ;
She wakened Earl Harold out of his sweven,
 To don his harness on ;
And over the land and over the sea
He wended abroad to his own countrie,
 A weary way to gon.

IV.

O but his beard was white with eld,
 O but his hair was gray ;
He stumbled on by stock and stone,
And as he journeyed he made his moan
 Along that weary way.

V.

Earl Harold came to his castle wall ;
 The gate was burnt with fire ;
Roof and rafter were fallen down,
The folk were strangers all in the town,
 And strangers all in the shire.

VI.

Earl Harold came to a house of nuns,
And he heard the dead-bell toll ;
He saw the sexton stand by a grave ;
' Now Christ have mercy, who did us save,
Upon yon fair nun's soul.'

VII.

The nuns they came from the convent gate
By one, by two, by three ;
They sang for the soul of a lady bright
Who died for the love of a traitor knight :
It was his own lady.

VIII.

He stayed the corpse beside the grave ;
' A sign, a sign !' quod he.
' Mary Mother who rulest heaven
Send me a sign if I be forgiven
By the woman who so loved me.'

IX.

A white dove out of the coffin flew ;
 Earl Harold's mouth it kist ;
He fell on his face, wherever he stood ;
And the white dove carried his soul to God
 Or ever the bearers wist.

PALINODIA. 1841.

YE mountains, on whose torrent-furrowed slopes,
 And bare and silent brows uplift to heaven,
 I envied oft the soul which fills your wastes
 Of pure and stern sublime, and still expanse
 Unbroken by the petty incidents
 Of noisy life: Oh hear me once again!

Winds, upon whose racked eddies, far aloft,
 Above the murmur of the uneasy world,
 My thoughts in exultation held their way:
 Whose tremulous whispers through the rustling glade
 Were once to me unearthly tones of love,
 Joy without object, wordless music, stealing
 Through all my soul, until my pulse beat fast
 With aimless hope, and unexpressed desire—

Thou sea, who wast to me a prophet deep
Through all thy restless waves, and wasting shores,
Of silent labour, and eternal change ;
First teacher of the dense immensity
Of ever-stirring life, in thy strange forms
Of fish, and shell, and worm, and oozy weed :
To me alike thy frenzy and thy sleep
Have been a deep and breathless joy : Oh hear !

Mountains, and winds, and waves, take back your child !
Upon thy balmy bosom, Mother Nature,
Where my young spirit dreamt its years away,
Give me once more to nestle : I have strayed
Far through another world, which is not thine.
Through sunless cities, and the weary haunts
Of smoke-grimed labour, and foul revelry
My flagging wing has swept. A mateless bird's
My pilgrimage has been ; through sin, and doubt,
And darkness, seeking love. Oh hear me, Nature !
Receive me once again : but not alone ;

No more alone, Great Mother ! I have brought
One who has wandered, yet not sinned, like me.
Upon thy lap, twin children, let us lie ;
And in the light of thine immortal eyes
Let our souls mingle, till The Father calls
To some eternal home the charge He gives thee.

A HOPE.

TWIN stars, aloft in ether clear,
 Around each other roll alway,
 Within one common atmosphere
 Of their own mutual light and day.

And myriad happy eyes are bent
 Upon their changeless love alway ;
 As, strengthened by their one intent,
 They pour the flood of life and day.

So we through this world's waning night
 May, hand in hand, pursue our way ;
 Shed round us order, love, and light,
 And shine unto the perfect day.

A NEW FOREST BALLAD.

I.

OH she tripped over Ocknell plain,
And down by Bradley Water ;
And the fairest maid of the forest side
Was Jane, the keeper's daughter.

II.

She went and went through the broad grey lawns
As down the red sun sank,
And chill as the scent of a new-made grave
The mist smelt cold and dank.

III.

' A token, a token ! ' that fair maid cried,
' A token that bodes me sorrow ;
For they that smell the grave by night
Will see the corpse to-morrow.

IV.

‘ My own true love in Burley Walk
Does hunt to-night, I fear ;
And if he meet my father stern,
His game may cost him dear.

V.

‘ Ah, here’s a curse on hare and grouse,
A curse on hart and hind ;
And a health to the squire in all England,
Leaves never a head behind.’

VI.

Her true love shot a mighty hart
Among the standing rye,
When on him leapt that keeper old
From the fern where he did lie.

VII.

The forest laws were sharp and stern,
The forest blood was keen ;
They lashed together for life and death
Beneath the hollies green.

VIII.

The metal good and the walnut wood
Did soon in flinders flee ;
They tost the orts to south and north,
And grappled knee to knee.

IX.

They wrestled up, they wrestled down,
They wrestled still and sore ;
Beneath their feet the myrtle sweet
Was stamped to mud and gore.

X.

Ah cold pale moon, thou cruel pale moon,
That starest with never a frown
On all the grim and the ghastly things
That are wrought in thorpe and town ;

XI.

And yet cold pale moon, thou cruel pale moon,
That night hadst never the grace
To lighten two dying Christian men
To see one another's face.

XII.

They wrestled up, they wrestled down,
They wrestled sore and still :
The fiend who blinds the eyes of men
That night he had his will.

XIII.

Like stags full spent, among the bent
They dropped awhile to rest ;
When the young man drove his saying knife
Deep in the old man's breast.

XIV.

The old man drove his gunstock down
Upon the young man's head ;
And side by side, by the water brown,
Those yeomen twain lay dead.

XV.

They dug three graves in Lyndhurst yard ;
They dug them side by side ;
Two yeomen lie there, and a maiden fair,
A widow and never a bride.

THE RED KING.

THE King was drinking in Malwood Hall,
 There came in a monk before them all ;
 He thrust by squire, he thrust by knight,
 Stood over against the dais aright ;
 And, ‘ The word of the Lord, thou cruel Red King,
 The word of the Lord to thee I bring.
 A grimly sweven I dreamt yestreen ;
 I saw thee lie under the hollins green,
 And thorough thine heart an arrow keen ;
 And out of thy body a smoke did rise,
 Which smirched the sunshine out of the skies ;
 So if thou God’s anointed be
 I rede thee unto thy soul thou see.

For mitre and pall thou hast y-sold,
False knight to Christ, for gain and gold ;
And for this thy forest were digged down all,
Steading and hamlet and churches tall ;
And Christés poor were ousten forth,
To beg their bread from south to north.
So tarry at home, and fast and pray,
Lest fiends hunt thee in the judgment-day.’

The monk he vanished where he stood ;
King William sterte up wroth and wod ;
Quod he, ‘ Fools’ wits will jump together ;
The Hampshire ale and the thunder weather
Have turned the brains for us both, I think ;
And monks are curst when they fall to drink.
A lothly sweven I dreamt last night,
How there hoved anigh me a griesly knight,
Did smite me down to the pit of hell ;
I shrieked and woke, so fast I fell.

There's Tyrrel as sour as I, perdie,
So he of you all shall hunt with me ;
A grimly brace for a hart to see.'

The Red King down from Malwood came ;
His heart with wine was all a-flame,
His eyne were shotten, red as blood,
He rated and swore, wherever he rode.

They roused a hart, that grimly brace,
A hart of ten, a hart of grease,
Fled over against the kingés place.
The sun it blinded the kingés ee,
A fathom behind his hocks shot he :

'Shoot thou,' quod he, 'in the fiendés name,
To lose such a quarry were seven years' shame,'
And he hove up his hand to mark the game.
Tyrrel he shot full light, God wot ;
For whether the saints they swerved the shot,
Or whether by treason, men knowen not,

But under the arm, in a secret part,
The iron fled through the king's heart.
The turf it squelched where the Red King fell ;
And the fiends they carried his soul to hell,
Quod ' His master's name it hath sped him well.'

Tyrrel he smited full grim that day,
Quod ' Shooting of kings is no bairns play ;'
And he smote in the spurs, and fled fast away.
As he pricked along by Fritham plain,
The green tufts flew behind like rain ;
The waters were out, and over the sward :
He swam his horse like a stalwart lord ;
Men clepen that water Tyrrel's ford.
By Rhinefield and by Osmondsleigh,
Through glade and furze brake fast drove he,
Until he heard the roaring sea ;
Quod he, ' Those gay waves they call me.'
By Mary's grace a seely boat
On Christchurch bar did lie afloat ;

He gave the shipmen mark and groat,
To ferry him over to Normandie,
And there he fell to sanctuarie ;
God send his soul all bliss to see.

And fend our princes every one,
From foul mishap and trahison ;
But kings that harrow Christian men,
Shall England never bide again.

THE OUTLAW.

O H, I wadna be a yeoman, mither, to follow my
fathers' trade,

To bow my back in miry banks, at pleugh and hoe and
spade.

Stinting wife, and bairns, and kye, to fat some courtier
lord,—

Let them die o' rent wha like, mither, and I'll die by
sword.

Nor I wadna be a clerk, mither, to bide aye ben,
Scrabbling ower the sheets o' parchment with a weary,
weary pen ;

Looking through the lang stane windows at a narrow
strip o' sky,

Like a laverock in a withy cage, until I pine away and
die.

Nor I wadna be a merchant, mither, in his lang furred
gown,

Trailing strings o' footsore horses through the noisy
dusty town ;

Louting low to knights and ladies, fumbling o'er his
wares,

Telling lies, and scraping siller, heaping cares on cares.

Nor I wadna be a soldier, mither, to dice wi' ruffian
bands,

Pining weary months in castles, looking over wasted
lands,

Smoking byres, and shrieking women, and the grewsome
sights o' war—

There's blood on my hand eneugh, mither ; it's ill to
make it mair.

If I had married a wife, mither, I might ha' been douce
and still,

And sat at hame by the ingle side to crack and laugh
my fill ;

Sat at hame wi' the woman I looed, and wi' bairnies at
my knee :

But death is bauld, and age is cauld, and luv'e's no for
me.

For when first I stirred in your side, mither, ye ken full
well

How you lay all night up among the deer out on the
open fell ;

And so it was that I won the heart to wander far and
near,

Caring neither for land nor lassie, but the bonny dun
deer.

Yet I am not a losel and idle, mither, nor a thief that
steals ;

I do but hunt God's cattle, upon God's ain hills ;
For no man buys and sells the deer, and the bonnie
fells are free

To a belted knight with hawk on hand, and a gangrel
loon like me.

So I'm aff and away to the muirs, mither, to hunt the
deer,

Ranging far frae frowning faces, and the douce folk here ;
Crawling up through burn and bracken, louping down
the screes,

Looking out frae craig and headland, drinking up the
simmer breeze.

Oh, the wafts o' heather honey, and the music o' the
brae,

As I watch the great harts feeding, nearer, nearer a' the
day.

Oh, to hark the eagle screaming, sweeping, ringing
round the sky !—

That's a bonnier life than stumbling ower the muck to
colt and kye.

And when I'm taen and hangit, mither, a brittling o' my
deer,

Ye'll no leave your bairn to the corbie craws, to dangle
in the air ;

But ye'll send up my twa douce brethren, and ye'll steal
me frae the tree,

And bury me up on the brown brown muirs, where I
aye loosed to be.

Ye'll bury me 'twixt the brae and the burn, in a glen far
away,

Where I may hear the heathcock crow, and the great
harts bray ;

And gin my ghaist can walk, mither, I'll go glowering
at the sky,

The livelong night on the black hill sides where the
dun deer lie.

SING HEIGH-HO !

THERE sits a bird on every tree,
Sing heigh-ho !

There sits a bird on every tree,
And courts his love, as I do thee ;

Sing heigh-ho, and heigh-ho !
Young maids must marry.

There grows a flower on every bough,
Sing heigh-ho !

There grows a flower on every bough,
Its petals kiss—I'll show you how :

Sing heigh-ho, and heigh-ho !
Young maids must marry.

From sea to stream the salmon roam ;

Sing heigh-ho !

From sea to stream the salmon roam ;

Each finds a mate, and leads her home ;

Sing heigh-ho, and heigh-ho !

Young maids must marry.

The sun's a bridegroom, earth a bride

Sing heigh-ho !

They court from morn till eventide :

The earth shall pass, but love abide.

Sing heigh-ho, and heigh-ho !

Young maids must marry.

THE END.

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